

* HORROR MONSTERS

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

SHOCK THEATER

EXPERT ANALYSIS
REVEALS THE

MUMMY'S CURSE

HAUNTS AND FOLK

THEY'VE KNOWN

MAN OF HORROR



HORROR MONSTERS

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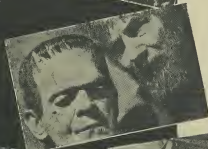
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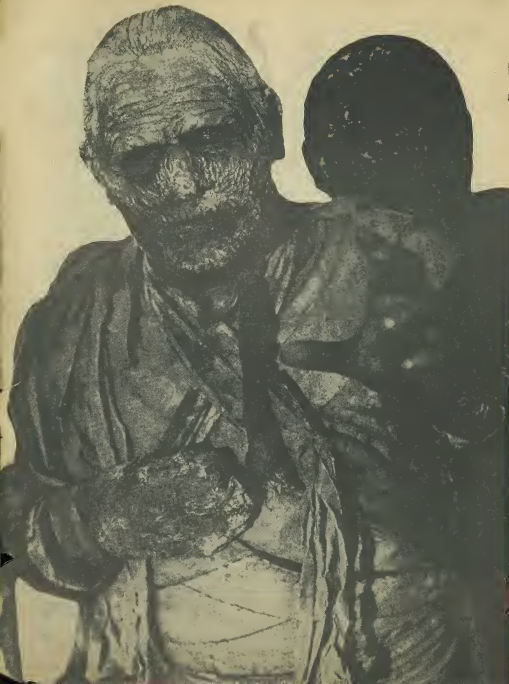
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THE MUMMY'S Curse

FEATURE PRESENTATION

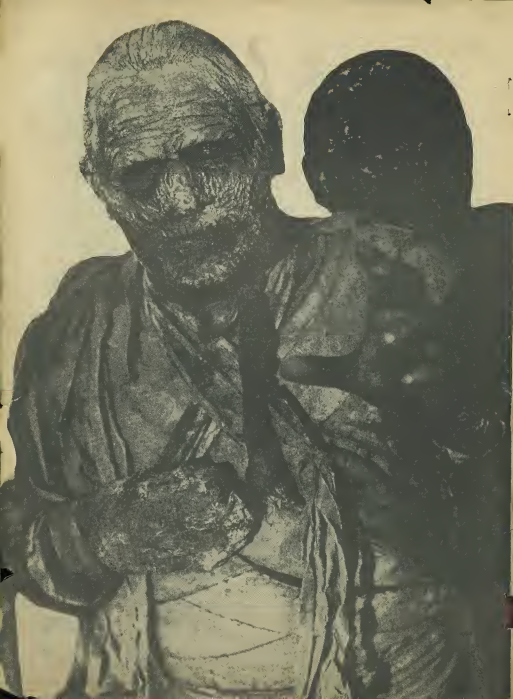
HORROR MONSTERS

brings you
one of the famous
mummy classics

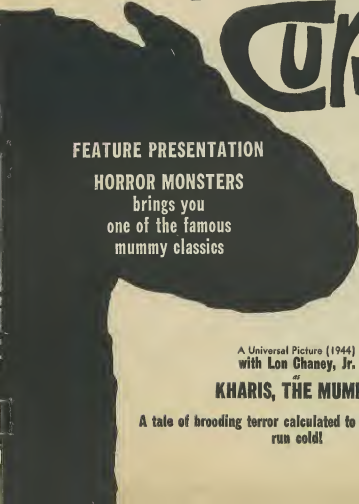
A Universal Picture (1944)
with Lon Chaney, Jr.

as
KHARIS, THE MUMMY

A tale of brooding terror calculated to make your blood
run cold!



THE MUMMY'S Curse



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run cold!



At an excavation project in the swamp area, the workmen spend their evenings off in "Tante Berthe's Cafe" and listen to a discussion between Cajun Joe and Achilles. Achilles said that many men entered the swamps, but never came out. Also, he told of a mummy, who carried a girl into the swamps. Joe tried to convince him that it happened twenty-five years ago, and couldn't affect them now. Just then, Goobie, a native woman, entered screaming that one of the workers had been found murdered.

At the scene of the murder, they found Dr. James Halsey, of the Scripps Museum and his associate, Dr. Ilzor Zandaab, who had arrived earlier to enlist the assistance of Pat Walsh, the boss of the job, in locating the mummies of Kharis and the Princess Ananka. Dr. Cooper, the company physician, removed a large knife from the back of the dead man. At that time, Halsey spotted a mark in the ground a few feet away. Upon inspecting it closer, they discovered that it was the imprint of a large body. In the mud next to it, they found a piece of moldy bandage.



That night, Zandaab secretly meets Ragheb, one of the workmen, who leads him to an abandoned monastery on a hill at the swamp edge. There, are two mummy cases, one of which contains the body of Kharis. Both Zandaab and Ragheb are in reality High Priests of Arkham, sent to America to bring Kharis and Ananka back to Egypt. They perform the ceremonial rites and brew nine Tana leaves, the fluid from which they feed to Kharis, thus reviving him.

Kharis rises from his coffin, as Zandaab tells Ragheb the story of how Kharis and Ananka happen to be in the swamps. He then swears him to secrecy, to preserve the secret of the Tana leaves. At that moment, Michael Sacristan, who lives in the monastery, appears at the top of a short flight of steps. He explains that he is the caretaker and tells them they must leave immediately. He further explains that he has found the bodies of two freshly murdered men in the cellar.



However, while Sacristan is talking to the high priests he does not notice that Kharis has left his coffin and is slowly coming toward him. The right hand of mummy is held tightly against his chest, and has no fingers. His left leg, crippled by age and ordeal, is dragged after each step. As he hears the shuffle of Kharis' feet, he turns just as Kharis' left hand seizes his throat. In a moment, the old man crumples to the stone floor.

The next morning, one of the tractors uncovers a patch of soft mud. The driver leaves the tractor just as a moldy hand rises out of the newly uncovered earth. Then, another hand emerges, and shortly an ancient woman sits up in the mud. She begins to walk in the blazing sun to the water's edge, then into the water.

Later, Cajun Joe, on his way from work, notices a beautiful girl in a shabby white satin dress, walking in the swamp. She seems to be in a trance. He places his jacket over her shoulders when Ragheb crosses their path. Suddenly, the girl cries, "KHARIS! KHARIS!"





Ragheb meets Zandaab at the monastery, and tells him of the girl found in the swamp. Zandaab guesses the truth, that she is the Princess Ananka. He gives more of the Tana fluid to the mummy and guides him

down the long flight of broken stone steps to the edge of the swamp. He instructs Kharis to seek and find his beloved Ananka and return with her to the monastery.



Meanwhile, Joe has brought Ananka to the rear entrance of the cafe, which is the living room of Tante Berthe. He leaves her in Berthe's room, and signals the Cajun woman, who is just finishing a song in the cafe. She joins Joe in her room and tells him to get Dr. Cooper while she gives the girl a change of clothes and puts her to bed.

Shortly after Joe has left the cafe, Kharis senses that his princess is there. He peeks through the window and, seeing Ananka inside, climbs the wooden steps to the rear door and enters. Tante Berthe is trying to comfort her, when she suddenly becomes hysterical. Berthe turns and discovers Kharis only a few feet away. While Kharis eliminates Berthe, Ananka runs out through the open rear door. The mummy, discovering that his princess has left, gives slow pursuit.



Ananka, pursued by Kharis, crosses a road and collapses on the other side. A moment later Dr. Halsey and Betty Walsh find her. They help the girl into the car just as the mummy appears from the swampon the other side of the road. Betty, who had dropped her jacket when picking up the girl, goes back for it, not noticing Kharis, who almost seizes her. He then heads for the car, and is within hands reach of Ananka when the car pulls away. He returns to the monastery, while the car heads for camp.



The next morning, Ananka awakens to find herself in a tent. Betty, Jim and Dr. Cooper ask her name, but she can't remember anything.

In the days that follow she proves of great value to Jim in his studies. She sees Zandaab, which seems to put her in a trance and she again cries the name of Kharis. Jim, unable to learn anything from her, asks Zandaab if he knows her, but he only walks away.

That evening, Zandaab sends Kharis out again. This time to the camp where Ananka sees him and runs into the swamp.

Returning to the camp after a fruitless search for the missing girl, the men decide to give up, except for Joe, who continues to search all night. Finally he sees her walking on the edge of the swamp and brings his boat into shore. He starts after her, only to encounter Kharis. Joe fires both barrels of his shotgun at the mummy, but it has no effect. Kharis seizes the shotgun, and before Joe can escape, Kharis has him by the throat and strangles him.



Returning to the camp, Ananka enters the tent of Dr. Cooper who can't understand her hysterical words. She hears the sound of the mummy's dragging foot outside and tells Dr. Cooper, who sees the mummy approaching. Kharis instinctively disregards the doctor and goes immediately for Ananka. Cooper meets death at the hands of the mummy, as Ananka runs out. Kharis, unaware of the direction in which his princess has run, starts out into the swamp again. However, she has really gone to Betty's tent, where she spends the night.

Later, Ragheb sees the mummy coming out of the swamp toward Betty's tent, and hides behind a tree. He watches as Kharis enters the tent, disregards Betty and tears the covers off of Ananka who is asleep. She faints as he picks her up and carries her out into the swamp collapsing the tent behind him. Ragheb, who has fallen for Betty, tells her that he will lead her to Halsey. She goes with him.



As Jim returns to the camp, he finds Gooble at the collapsed tent and, finding the trail of the mummy, tells her to get Walsh and the men and follow him.

Kharis reaches the monastery and places his bride into the mummy case, which Zandaab has waiting, while Betty, led by Ragheb reaches the foot of the monastery steps. He tells her that Halsey is up there, and she accompanies him, unaware that Jim is not too far behind them.

Upon entering the monastery, Betty inquires as to the whereabouts of Halsey. But Ragheb seizes her as Zandaab appears from the room where the mummy cases are stored, and cries, "Ragheb. The curse of A-Mon-Ra upon you, Ragheb! Your tongue shall be torn from your mouth for vows you have sworn to *falsely!* You have broken your sacred trust. The secret of Kharis can not be preserved unless . . . this girl dies!"

"No master!" cries Ragheb.

"The vultures will pick the flesh from your bones, when Kharis learns of your treachery," warns Zandaab.

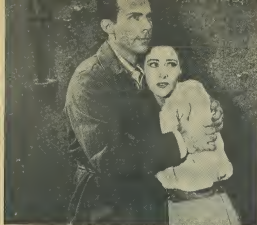




"I too, know the secret of the Tana leaves," states Ragheb, "without the brew, Kharis is powerless!"

"Enough!" shouts Zandaab. As he turns and walks away from Ragheb, the disloyal servant removes a knife from his boot and plunges it into the back of the high priest. Then, as he again seizes Betty, Jim enters. Suddenly, Ragheb raises the knife and attacks Jim. They struggle for a moment and Jim sends Ragheb to the floor.

Jim and Betty are about to leave when he notices the body of Zandaab on the floor. He bends over him to examine the body, unaware that Ragheb has resumed consciousness. He attacks Jim again. As they struggle, he does not notice that Kharis has come out from the other room, and is slowly approaching. Ragheb knocks Jim to the floor then backs away as Kharis starts after him.



Ragheb backs up the steps to the cell room, shouting "No, Kharis! No! If you destroy me, the secret of the Tana leaves will die!" Kharis, bent only on revenge for the dead priest, pays no attention to his cries. Ragheb runs into the cell and bars the door. Kharis begins ripping out the bars as Ragheb tries desperately to reach the single, high window. Kharis begins to smash the door in. As he smashes through, the walls crumble and, just as he reaches Ragheb, the entire wing of monastery collapses, burying the two of them while Jim and Betty watch.

Pat Walsh, Goobie, and the men enter. Jim explains what happened as Goobie yells, "Master Walsh! Master Walsh! Come quick!" The group enters the next room to find the mummy of a woman lying in a mummy case, and Jim states, "Now I understand why she knew so much about Kharis and the ancient Egyptians." "What are you talking about?" asks Walsh. "This mummy is the girl we brought to the camp," explains Jim, "She's the Princess Ananka."



They go back into the other room and Walsh says, "Well, now maybe you'll get lost, so I can get some work done." "Oh, you haven't seen the last of me yet, Mr. Walsh," replied Jim. "There's a certain secretary . . ." "You're welcome to her. Go ahead!" Walsh laughs. "Thanks!" said Betty, and Jim together. "Well," explains Walsh, "as a secretary you haven't been any use to me, since the minute he walked in on us." Pat smiles at them, as they leave. Outside the sun of a new day is rising over the edge of the swamp.

**THE
END**

GHOULS AND GAGS



"Introducing — the biggest midget in the world..."



"Say 'Uncle'!"



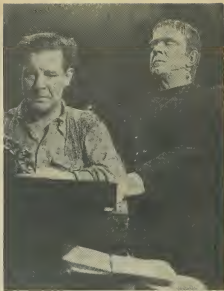
"I present you with this medal for the award winning design that produced the lovely hat I'm wearing."



"All right, already... I'll buy a new suit!"



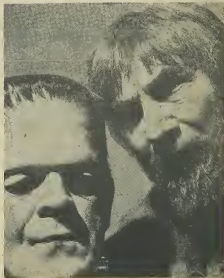
"Should I trim a little more off the top?"



"My son, I'm a proud man!"



"I've seen bats before — but this is ridiculous."



"They're smiling at us. You take the blonde and I'll take the redhead."

A HORROR MO

AN EPIC OF OUR SPACE HEROES!

*AS TIMELY AS TOMORROW -SCIENCE-
FICTION BECOMING FACT-THE GRIPPING
ACCOUNT OF ONE MAN'S FIGHT AGAINST
BEING SHOT TO THE MOON!*

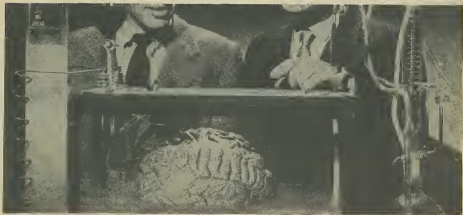
I looked up at the Moon. A night bird flew low squawking, "Get me down!", and I lowered my head and wiped a tear from my eye; or was it a tear? What was he squawking about, I asked myself, it is eye who should squawk, for soon I would be up there, too, flying like a big bird myself, though I never knew a big bird by that name. I once knew a little mouse by the name of Mae Self but that is another and better story.

Yes, you've guessed it, have you, you stupid, you. My name is Glen Glenn and I am an astronaut. The others may be astronauts but, when I am way out, I am astronaut. My job is the stars, or even the starlets. I've been out with them all. Strangely enough I am allergic to height and constantly shout, "Get me down," when I become high.

Because of this sometimes people ask me how I came to be an astronaut . . . that is why I dislike sometimes people. Actually I didn't come to be an astronaut, I came to collect a bill from a Colonel and he told me I had just volunteered, since they had run out of monkeys, and he locked me in. There were three of us at first, me and the two guys who held me. I didn't want to be an astronaut. I didn't even know what the word meant, to be frank. And I really didn't want to be Frank either, because it was Frank who introduced me to Chris, an astronaut who had been shot from Cape Canaveral (and half shot from Old Granddad) so often that he had trouble with his feet. Chris had missile-toes. Anyway, if I had been Frank I could never have introduced myself to Chris in the first place so the whole thing is ridiculous.

NSTERS' TRAVELOGUE

**OFF TO THE MOON
IN A NOSE, COHEN!
or
I FELL FLAT ON MY SPACE**



They subjected me to numerous tests, checking my brain.

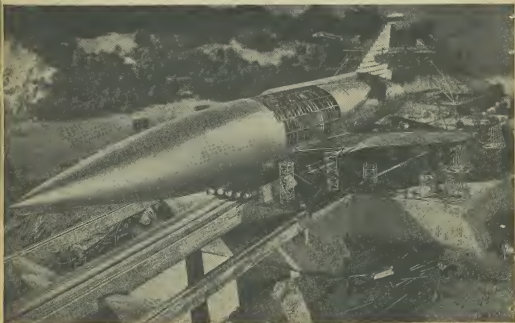


I said my goodbyes. It was like kissing through a goldfish bowl.

Scientists checked my background so that a pair of space trousers could be tailored to fit me. They found that my father had high blood pressure, my mother was flighty, my sister was a high flyer, and I had space between my teeth (at this point in the examination they exclaimed, "By Cuspid, he's perfect") and so decided that I should be shot off the Earth for the benefit of mankind. There was no mention of womankind, probably because many of them aren't.

Thereafter I was subjected to innumerable tests. I was hung from the rafters by my thumbs to test my hitch-hiking ability and I yelled, "Get me down!" My hrains, my heart, my liver and my lungs were prodded and pawed until I felt like a pound of giblets. It was at this point that I tried to chicken out but they cackled about what a good egg I was and laid me on a table and told me I must be plucky. This time when I screamed, "Get me down!" they complied and handed me a basketful of feathers.

I trained for months on end, just sitting in the pilot's seat, just sitting until I became numb in the end. Meanwhile the missile that was to carry me to Moon was being tested. It was huge and made of porcelain and we called it Big John. It was filled with all kinds of instruments; guitars, saxaphones, violins, pianos, even a nasal flute called a Drisdam.



Meanwhile the Moon missile was being tested.



I heard them working at the rocket's base.



My co-pilot and I looked out of the port.
The people looked like ants.



We left the earth and shot Moonward in our
space ship.



The pressure on my body was terrible — my shorts were too tight.



We landed, the first human beings to set foot on the Moon.

Finally the great day came . . . I found a hole in the wire fence and escaped. But they caught me in a dive at a pool room and dragged me back. Big John was ready even if I was not (and never would be). So I said my goodbyes, made my will, and entered the rocket against it.

I checked my supplies. I had heard the Moon was made of green cheese so I packed a loaf of rye. If you want to loaf there's nothing better than rye . . . or scotch. I heard them working at the rocket's base. The "All clear" whistle sounded, there was a great roar and I gazed out of the port and the people below looked like ants. Suddenly I realized with chagrin (my co-pilot) that what we were looking at were ants . . . our rocket had not yet left the ground and the roar had been from my Colonel when a mechanic had dropped a wrench on his foot. I turned from the port and sipped some sherry instead, preparing for the ordeal that lay ahead.

Suddenly Big John began to vibrate and sway. Flushed with victory and wine and crying "Get me down!", we shot Moonward. The pressure on my body was terrible, and I realized that the tremendous thrust had loosened the plastic ceiling and it had



We quickly unloaded our supplies.

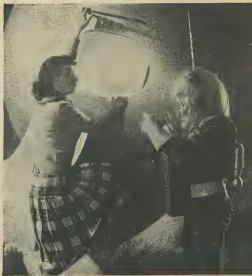
fallen on me, or perhaps, due to the port and sherry, I was half plastered. The Earth fell away until it was the size of a dime in infinity. So, humming "My dime is your dime," we approached the Moon.

Big John hovered over Mare Nostrum but, not being in the mood for horsing around, even with a mare, I screamed, "Get me down!" and we landed. Quickly we unloaded our supplies and prepared to explore. Both Chagrin and I had been plovers until we were kicked out of the club and so were now explorers. We had to bring back samples of the flora and fauna of the Moon. Fuana ran away but we caught Flora and she entered our space ship with aplomb. After she had eaten it add spit out the pit we decided to return to Earth.

It was then we realized that we had no fuel left.

So, my little friends on Earth, if daddy tells you that there is a man in the Moon you'd better believe him. There is and it's me, and I'm up here yelling at the top of my cottin' pickin' lungs, "Get me down!"

Ed's Note: Scientific data used in this article through the courtesy of Saperstein's Super Market (their cold cuts are out of this world).



Flora got into our space ship with aplomb.

LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I received a scientific kit for Xmas. I was working on a modern fly catcher when it blew up in my face. That's how I became the ghost of Frankenstein.

Douglas Frielander



It takes a fly to catch a fly, we always say, Doug. And from your looks it just ghost to show we were right.

Dear Sirs:

I think your Horror Monsters book is just great. I have never seen anything like it. I could look at your book and pictures for hours! To tell the truth I'd rather read your book stories about the movies instead of going to the movies. Because when you read this book nobody screams and your book gives more detail.

Hans Zschirnt

Dear Hans Zschirnt (you must be kidding). We put detail in our mags. because they are delivered in waggins'. We're never seen anything like our books either . . . thank goodness!

Dear Sirs:

Just this afternoon I picked up a copy of Horror Monsters magazine and read it and I think it is a terrific magazine. I just had to write and tell you to keep up the good work.

Pete Turner

I'm glad you wrote, Pete, it shows you can and we always like to get letters from the write people.

Dear Ed:

I am a monsther fiend (or fan). I am crazy over them. I read all monster books and watch all monster movies. I enjoyed your mag. very much. I have no special part I like best because I like the whole thing.

It happened I was on a trip and we stopped at this drug store to get some mags. to read. As soon as I spotted your mag. I grabbed it, paid the small price it was and ran for the car. Believe me, it's great! I can hardly wait for the next issue.

Your truly in blood,
Joel Pussehl

I'm glad there's no special part you like, Joel, 'cause I prefer the leg. Next time you run for the car make sure you've got enough gas, you gasser, you.

Dear Sirs, or things shall I say?

I think your magazine is a big hit. I too, would like to know the address of your artist, Joseph Krucher, because I like to draw monsters. Your magazine is a great success with our family and I'm sure I speak for other people, too. Keep up the good work.

George Rigney

Sure you can say "things," Georgie, old beam. Joe Krucher's address is unknown. We've never really seen him except as a fleeting shadow on the wall — and we want to keep it that way. Glad your whole family likes our mags. because they are family mags. — for special, strange-type families.

Dear Sirs:

The other day I bought your "Horror Monsters" and I thought it was a scream. I am a monster fan, so when it hit the newsstand I went crazy and wild about it.

I have been buying other types of books like this, but this is the greatest book I have ever read.

Rick Fannin

Rick, amigo, I'm sure you went crazy and wild over our mag. 'cause that's the kind of Rick, amigo, you are, Rick, amigo.

Dear Sirs:

I've bought all your editions except the latest one which I can't seem to find. The newsstands in Transylvania are kind of slow in getting magazines. You see, they have to come by way of the twilight zone.

You know I had trouble seeing the words in your magazines, but I suppose that's mainly due to the fact that I haven't had electricity installed in my coffin yet.

Hey! Get that stake away from my heart! I think I'd better lock my coffin for now. Those blasted Vampire haters will not leave me alone.

Supernaturally yours,
Brenda Brown

We sympathize with you Brenda. But we do advise installing electricity in your coffin, then when a band reaches for you, you can socket.

Dear Editor:

Your mags are in a word great! Good new photos are in abundance in them. We've all seen photos of Chaney (Jr. and Sr.), Lugosi, Karloff, etc., time and again, but new photos are hard to see. That's why I like your mag. I like your idea of having reviews of movies. They're good, good, good! I love the way you mix in humor, too. I'm gonna count (no not Count Dracula) the days till the next issue of your cool ghoulish magazine on my fingers — all 70 of 'em.

Your ghoully,
Richard Collins

I agree that new photos are hard to see, Richard, but you can blame that on the printing. And Dickie boy, you'd better keep your cotton-pickin' fingers out of our business — all 70 of 'em.

FROM THE MONSTER MAIL BAG

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading your magazine. It is the best horror magazine that I have read yet, and I have read quite a few of these types of magazines. Monster magazines have always fascinated me; but your magazine is not only fascinating, but highly enthralling and interesting. It supplies a great number of excellent photographs.

As soon as I read your magazine I realized it was different from the others. I was astounded at the large number of photos from films that are relatively unknown to me.

At last somebody has done it. The material in your magazine is excellent.

J. Derry
Feltham, Middlesex, England

Derry, old chap, your letter completely fascinated us. To think that anyone should find our efforts excellent, fascinating, interesting, and enthralling completely astounds us. Ebi!

Dear Sirs:

Your magazines are absolutely, positively, definitely, naturally, the greatest. Not to mention pretty good, too. I like the Pin-Up Parades. They remind me of some of my not-too-close-and-friendly relatives. One of the reasons I buy your mag is because it helps me sleep during the day. Come to think of it my older sister always did call me a little monster. I must close now because my pet giant bat wants someone to eat.

Terrifyingly yours,
Danny Smith

Hurry and feed that creature of yours, Joel, before it goes bats. Our pin-ups remind many people of their relatives whom they'd like to pin-up — to the wall.

Dear Sirs:

Yesterday I went down to the store and the moment I entered all the people scattered. I wasn't too alarmed as this happens every time I go into stores. Well, I went on to get my copy of your mag, and after I got it I went over to the counter to pay for it and the lady asks me "Boris? . . . Lon? . . . Claude? . . . Bela? . . . No . . . not Charley Wimpelmeyer?" This didn't discourage me very much either as this also happened every time I walk into a store. Shaking like a leaf she moans "that's 35¢ pleas . . ." and she slumps to the floor in horror.

Bodily yours,
Billy Cadwell

Bill, I'll just bet you look like Charley Wimpelmeyer, that great portrayer of monstrous creatures — and he's the most terrifying unhuman I never saw.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your recent issues of Mad Monsters and Horror Monsters. I think they are the greatest. You should have more. I can't wait until your next issue of these mag. are on sale. I'm saving my money. Goodbye for now, I must return to my laboratory and create.

Your good reader,
Bob Weber

Save your money, Bob, and we'll tell you the whole next issue. What do you create in your lab? Money? The way to make big money, son, is to print a four foot dollar bill.

Dear Ed:

Mad Monsters and Horror Monsters are really great. I really like those magazines a lot. My Dad and Mom think they're a waste of money, but I think they're worth it. They're the best!

Steven Wilbraham

Steve, your Mom and Dad don't know what a waste of money is. They should see some of our other magazines. Besides, a waste of money would be in the middle with the head on top. So only spend that part and you'll be ahead.

Dear Monster:

Here is a picture of me as a Vampire. On my left is the Ghoul of my dreams; Silly Sylvia Saurian, and on my right is some broad I picked up at the party (it was a coming out party — I came out of a casket).

I think your magazines are the greatest — they grate on my nerves. I like to makeup like a monster, especially a Vampire, because I'm a little bats. I also like to do monster quizzes and get a raise in pay.

I am a typical teen-age monster fan. The trouble is that I am 35 years old and growing bald — because I can't grow hair.

I think Mad and Horror Monsters are tops, but I wish they were magazines instead because they make my head spin.

I Love You —
Count Ed (Dracula) Konick



Ed, don't worry about your hair. I'm sure you'll come out on top. About the raise — Ed, you kill me! Better concentrate on picking up broads instead of checks. Incidentally, I think Sylvia is about the best looking saurian I ever saw.

SHOCK THEATER

Presents

THE LATE, LATE MONSTERS!

30 second TV cinema shocks

A digest of ghouls, gore
and grisliness in capsule
form.

Monsters, ghouls, vampires, werewolves and zombies used to spend the late hours robbing graves, sucking blood from innocent victims, and otherwise terrorizing the world.

But tonight, and every night, all over the United States you'll find them doing their vile deeds on the *Late, Late Show*. The monsters have taken over the witching hours on TV. If you stay up late enough, you can see your favorite monster on your favorite TV channel.

You'll see them on *SHOCK*, a monstrous collection of monsters, fiend and ghouls collected into one petrifying package of monster movies by SCREEN GEMS, for showing on TV.

SHOCK will shock even confirmed monster fans out of their shoes. It's loaded with such lustful monsters as "The Frankenstein Monster," "Dracula," "The Wolfman," "The Mummy," "The Invisible Man," "The Man-made Monster," "The Weird Woman," "The Werewolf of London," "The She-Wolf of London," "Dracula's Daughter," "The Mad Ghoul," "The Frozen Ghost," "The Mummy's Ghost," and "The Spider Woman."

When you watch *SHOCK*, you'll see such monster film classics as "Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman," "The Mummy's Hand," "Son of Frankenstein," "The Mummy's Tomb," and, of course, two other all-time classics, "Frankenstein," and "The Wolfman." You'll see such famous stars as Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Lon Chaney.

As a special service to HORROR MONSTERS SCREEN GEMS has supplied with the following TV GUIDE TO GHOULS. Dial your favorite TV station, tune in tonight and give yourself a *SHOCK*!!!!!!

SON OF DRACULA

with

Lon Chaney

Loelise Allbritton

Robert Paige

Frank Cravens

At their plantation, Dark Oaks, Colonel Caldwell (George Irving) and his daughter Katherine (Louise Allbritton) are entertaining Count Alucard (Lon Chaney) and Katherine's fiancé Frank Stanley (Robert Paige). The Caldwell's friend Dr. Brewster (Frank Craven) suspects Alucard, whose name is "Dracula" spelled backward, of relationship to the infamous vampire.

Katherine's father dies and she marries Alucard. Firing a gun at his rival, Frank sees the bullet pass through him and kill Katherine. Dr. Brewster, thinking that the Colonel died in a strange manner, calls in Professor Lazlo. They agree that Alucard is a vampire.

Katherine, now a vampire, tells Frank to join her in "immortality." After a struggle, Alucard is destroyed. Frank decides to destroy Katherine as well. He sets fire to Dark Oaks and she is cremated.





THE MUMMY'S GHOST

with

Lee Chaoey

John Corradino

Edmond Lowe

Robert Lowery

George Zucco

Youssef Bey (John Carradine), is sent to America to recover remains of Princess Ananka, whose coffin was stolen from Egypt. Kharis (Lon Chaney) was punished for loving the princess 3,000 years ago, by being kept alive to destroy anyone who violated her tomb. He has murdered every member of the expedition that carried his Princess away. Her reincarnation is Amina Mansori (Ramsay Ames). He takes her to Bey's shack, where he and Bey quarrel. Kharis murders Bey and carries Amina to the swamp.

Tom Hervey (Robert Lowery), Amina's sweetheart, arrives just in time to see her turn into the mummified remains of the Princess and disappear with Kharis beneath the swamp waters.

THE SPIDERWOMAN STRIKES BACK

with

Gale Sondergaard

Kirby Grant

Breoda Joyce

Milburn Stone

Jean Kingsley (Breoda Joyce) comes to Domingo as companion to blind Zenobia Dollard (Gale Sondergaard). She is driven to the Dollard mansion by Hal Woody (Kirby Grant). She meets Zenobia's frightening deaf-mute servant, Mario (Rondo Hatton).

Jean discovers that Zenobia is not blind, and also learns that the woman has been drawing blood from her at night to feed a carnivorous plant from which she distills poison to kill cattle. Zenobia reveals that she intends to regain her former land from farmers who are being ruined by the poisoning of their cattle.

Jean identifies Zenobia as the infamous Spider Woman. The mansion is set ablaze to destroy evidence. Jean is rescued by Hal and Federal Agent Moore (Milburn Stone). Zenobia and Mario are trapped and perish for their crimes.



THE WOLFMAN

with

Lee Chaney

Claude Rains

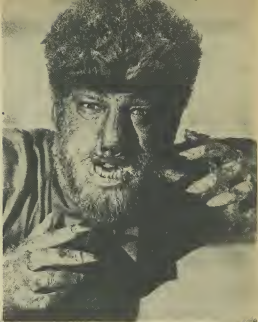
Ralph Bellamy

Petric Keowles

Larry Talbot (Lon Chaney), son of Sir John Talbot (Claude Rains), falls in love with Gwen Condliffe (Evelyn Ankers). Gwen's girlfriend, Jenny (Fay Helm) is attacked by a wolf. Larry kills the wolf, but is badly bitten. Capt. Montford (Ralph Bellamy) insists there hasn't been a wolf in the vicinity for years.

Maleva (Madame Maria Ouspenskaya) tells Larry that, having been bitten by a werewolf, he has become one himself. In desperation, Larry confesses everything to Sir John. The latter dismisses it all as in Larry's mind, but he straps Larry to a chair before going to hunt for the four-footed killer.

A wolf-cry pierces the night, and Sir John finds the beast about to make Gwen his victim. Sir John kills the wolf. The werewolf reassumes human shape, and the villagers see that it was Larry Talbot.



THE WITNESS VANISHES

with

Wendy Barrie

Edmund Lowe

Forrester Harvey

Barlowe Borland

Lucius Marplay (Barlowe Borland), railroaded to an insane asylum twenty years before by four men who had taken over his newspaper, escapes with the sole purpose of murdering his enemies. His daughter, Jean (Wendy Barrie), who had thought him dead, desperately tries to find him.

The first three men die, after their advance obituaries appear in print, giving the day and hour of their appointed death. A stranger, MacNab (Forrester Harvey), always manages to be on the scene of action at the right time.

When Peters (Edmund Lowe), last on the list of victims, learns that he is to die on his own country estate, he purposely goes there. As Marplay appears, Peters raises his own gun to fire, but his hand is hit by an outside bullet. The police arrive and MacNab, who turns out to be a reporter for a rival newspaper, produces evidence of the guilty party.



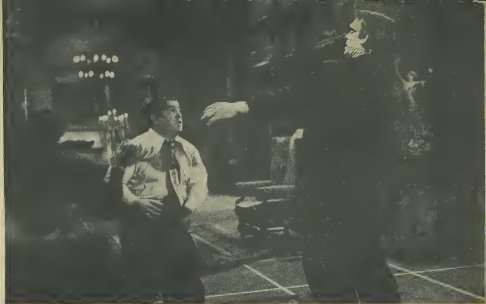
A gruesome new generation of fiendish Frankensteins has been sinisterly spawned! The sons and daughters of the most famous Horror Monster of them all are now stalking the world in modern versions, horrifying, fiendish, shocking chips off the old Frankenstein block.

A HORROR MONSTERS' SPECIAL FEATURE

FRANKENSTEIN FOREVER

by
Don Sheppard





HISTORY OF HORRORS

To date, there have been no less than 15 film shockers based on Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's nightmare novel of a man-made monster — *Frankenstein*. The very first of these — almost completely unknown and long-forgotten by fright flicker fans — was produced over 60 years ago, in 1808, by the famous inventor *Thomas A. Edison*! Unfortunately, since then all copies of this chilling classic adaption have decayed and are no longer available.

Boris Karloff, the ex-truck driver, is therefore recognized as the original Frankenstein monster, having played the widely-acclaimed role in the first 3 films — *FRANKENSTEIN* (1931), *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1935), and *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1939).

Other actors soon followed in Karloff's immortal shocksteps.

Lon Chaney Jr. starred in *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1942); Bela Lugosi in *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN* (1943); and Glenn Strange in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1944), and *HOUSE OF DRACULA* (1945). Then, in 1948, the menacing Monster was put on the shelf in a much-deserved retirement after *ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN* (also starring gruesome Glenn Strange), the very last of the original Universal pictures.

The far-famed Frankenstein monster lay dormant, his electrodes disconnected, for 9 full years — until 1957, when Hammer Films of England presented their version of the first *all-new*, all-scary Frankenstein creature feature!





TECHNICOLOR TERROR

The Monster returned to the theatre scream in creepy color!

The CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was now upon the frightened world!

Christopher Lee was cast as the Monster in this modern terror treatment of the great Shelly story. This film, however, is not a continuation of the original Universal series. Hammer Films decided to start at the beginning of the legend.

In CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, we see the tale of the creature of the Monster unfold through the eyes of Dr. Frankenstein (played by Peter Cushing), who has been condemned to death for a number of brutal murders. As he attempts to convince his jailers that the hideous crimes were not his doings, but those of a weird half-human creature he has pieced together from parts and sections of dead mens' bodies, Dr. Frankenstein relates the history of the "birth" of the Monster.

At the close of the film, Dr. Frankenstein is seen sitting in his prison cell, patiently waiting to be shuffled off to the dreaded guillotine to pay for "his" crimes.



SINISTER EXPERIMENTS

In the sequel to the above-mentioned Hammer film, **REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1958), we discover that the good doctor has successfully escaped from prison and the guillotine and has begun his deadly darlings into the unknown anew. He is now posing as *Dr. Victor Stein* and, with the aid of young *Dr. Kleeve*, secures additional bodies from a local cemetery.

The gruesome twosome fashion another monster, *one more horrifying than the first!*

Dr. Stein is then attacked by his Monster, and his life is seriously endangered, but wily young *Kleeve* forms a friendship plan in his sick mind.

Kleeve performs another operation!

He transfers Stein's brain to a new body!

The "new" *Dr. Stein*, alias *Dr. Frankenstein*, again changes his name now that he has acquired a brand-new personality. As *Dr. Frank*, he resumes his mad medical career in the comfort and quiet of his laboratory.

KARLOFF RETURNS

One of the next of the modern frankenstein films is **FRANKENSTEIN** 1970, starring — *Boris Karloff!*

Karloff the Uncanny, Man of a Million Menaces, returns to the horror screen for yet another up-to-date version of the famous *Shelley* tale.

But in **FRANKENSTEIN** 1970 (released in 1958), Dear Boris does not play the role that made him world-re-nowned. Instead, he is *Dr. Victor Frankenstein*, who leases his castle to a movie company to gain the necessary finances so he may continue experimenting with the *Secrets of Life and Death*.

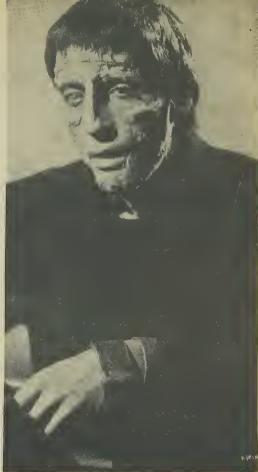
Karloff creates another Frankenstein monster, but both of them are utterly destroyed when atomic steam gets loose in his mad lab. And there is a new twist to the famous fiend in this horror hit — *the Monster's face resembles that of Karloff's!*

TEENAGE FRIGHT RAGE

Gary Conway was the very first actor to ever portray the teenage Frankenstein Monster. This happened through the courtesy of American-International Pictures in **I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN** (1957), which followed closely upon the success of the powerful **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** in that same year.

Professor Frankenstein (Whit Bissell) manages to steal a horribly mutilated body from the scene of a disastrous auto accident to which many teenagers were involved. He takes the corpse to his lab, where he keeps a unique file of *spare parts* of human beings, and patches the remains of the body together. The outcome is not only a shock to him but to the world — *a teenage Frankenstein monster!*

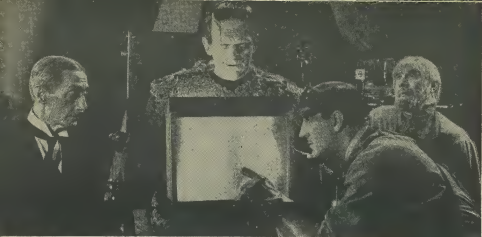
The same studio prepared a startling sequel to this fright flicker in 1958, when they reunited — teenage style — the Frankenstein monster and the Wolf Man (first seen co-scaring in Universal's **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN**) for **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER**.



The setting is a movie studio. Make-up man, Pete Drummond (Robert H. Harris), learns he is about to lose his job when the new owners of the studio decide not to produce any more monster films. Enraged, Drummond begins a campaign of revenge against the owners by taking two young actors, Tony Mantell (Gary Conway) and Larry Drake (Gary Clarke), and making them up to look like the Monster and the Wolfman. He places them under hypnosis, and instructs them to kill the owners.

In the end, however, Drummond gets his when his house catches fire in blazing technicolor. He perishes with it, all of his movie monsters masks going up in smoke.

Another teenage terror in this same vein was given life in 1958 — **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**. The film depicted the first of the female Frankenstein monsters of the new generation!



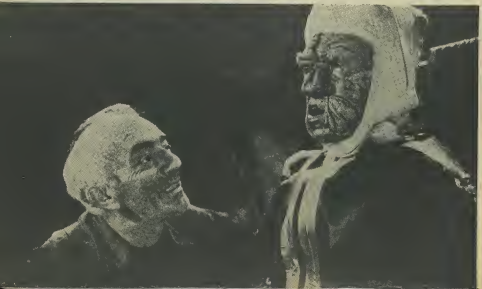
FRANKENSTEIN'S FUTURE

Although **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER** is one of the best of the current Frankenstein thrillers, **HORROR MONSTERS** predicts that the series will not end there.

As a matter of fact, soon to be expected is Independent Films' **ORLAK, THE HELL OF FRANKENSTEIN** and the American-made **BILLY THE KID MEETS FRANKENSTEIN**.

In addition, numerous other titles have been registered by the horror-happy movie producers, impressing us with the fact that the most famous monster of **ALL-TIME** will be around to haunt us for many more thousands of years to come.

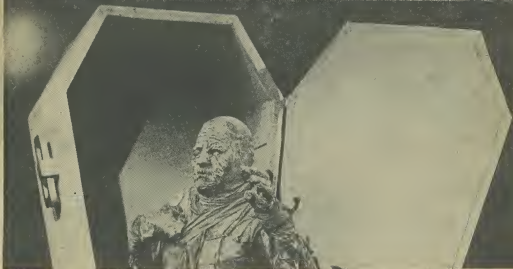
The cry can be heard around the world — **FRANKENSTEIN FOREVER!**



HORROR MONSTERS

INTRODUCES BOB BURNS

HORROR IS HIS HOBBY!



Some people collect stamps as a hobby. Some are do-it-yourself nuts. *Bob Burns* is a collector and a do-it-yourselfer, too. But he collects *monsters* and is a *ghoul-it-yourself* fan.

Bob, who is a film editor for KNXT, the CBS television station in Hollywood, has been a fiend fan since grade school days. Today, in his San Fernando Valley home, he has a *Den of Horror* full of *monsterana*.

This den is stuffed with more horror than a mummy's tomb, a vampire's cave, or a wolf man's lair.

Bob has hundreds of stills from *monster* movies. He has scores of theater posters advertising *horror* films and all kinds of material dealing with *ghouls*, *ghosts*, *monsters*, *mummies* and assorted *fiends*.

As a *ghoul-it-yourself* fan, he also uses his den as a *weird* workshop in which to build his own *monsters*. Here he creates the *foul fiends*, the *loathsome* make-up which the characters in his own *monster* movies wear. Here he built his own *Wolfman*, *Monster* and *Mummy*.

The *Bob Burns Den of Horror* is no place for people with weak hearts. Its walls are covered with posters and printings of menacing monsters whose hands frequently drip blood in full color.

Impaled on spikes protruding from the wall are the hideous heads of many famous monsters. *The Wolfman*, *The Mummy*, *The Hunchback*, *The Frankenstein monster*, and their fiendish friends.

In one corner, stands the *Mummy's* coffin. A *Martian Monster* from *Outer Space* glares down from atop a filing cabinet. The filing cabinet holds hundreds of stills chronicling the vile deeds of monsters of the movies, past and present.

Actually, *Bob Burns'* den of horrors has thousands of articles dealing with the *horrific*. He has monster film press books, horror magazines, including every precious issue of *MAD MONSTERS* and *HORROR MONSTERS*; science fiction magazines, skull-and-bones ash trays, props from horror movies and a complete ghoul-it-yourself monster building kit.

He also has a large collection of sound tracks from monster films, as well as many horror movies which he runs on his own projector. Among the famous horror films which he owns are, "*Creature From the Black Lagoon*," "*Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*," "*It Came From Outer Space*," and "*Bride of Frankenstein*."

In sound tracks, he has "*Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*," "*Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*," "*House of Frankenstein*," "*House of Dracula*," "*This Island Earth*," "*The Thing*," "*Ghost of Frankenstein*," and "*The Mummy's Tomb*."

His collection of monsterana also includes miniature monsters, books about monsters which are collectors items, *Wolfman* and *Frankenstein* monster paper weights, an original manuscript of the "*Monster's Love Song*" (featured in *HORROR MONSTERS*), records of monster music, and movie stills personally autographed by famous monster personalities.

One of his collector's items is the story of "*Frankenstein*," illustrated with stills from the 1931 movie which starred *Boris Karloff*. Bob also has books on "*Dracula*," and other mad monsters.

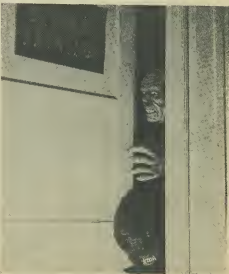
As a ghoul-it-yourself fan, he has built numerous monsters for himself and monster-loving friends. Recently he did a *Quasimodo* head for a friend who likes the hunchback character. His own favorite monster is the *Wolfman*, and Bob has built several *Wolfman* heads. He also has done a couple of *Mummies* the latest of which won him a huge trophy for his efforts.

The trophy was presented to him for "*best costume*," at the 1961 Hollywood Artists and Models Ball. Later, he appeared, dressed as *The Mummy*, on KNXT's "*Panorama Pacific*," where he clowning with co-emcees *Red Rowe* and *Gerry Johnson*, and did setting-up exercises with the program's exercise lady, *Jean Majors*.

Bob is married to a witch, who by day turns into a beautiful girl named *Kathy*. *Kathy* shares her husband's interest in the *horrible*, and she, too, won a trophy at the Artists and Models Ball for her *witch* makeup and costume. Bob did the *horror* makeup and *Kathy* did the costume. She does all the costumes for his monsters, by the way, and had a hand in building *The Mummy*.



Kathy Burns, as *The Weird Woman*, made up by her husband, Bob.



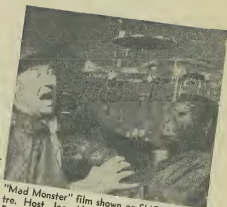
Two loathsome inhabitants of *Bob Burns' "Den of Horrors"* bid *Horror Monsters* readers welcome to the den. Enter here at your own risk.



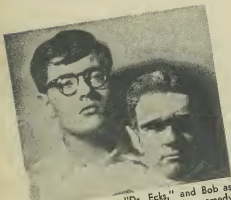
Bob as he appeared on the "Panorama Pacific" TV program in Hollywood wearing mummy costume that won him first prize at the Artists and Models ball.



Gerry Johnson and Red Rowe, co-emcees of KNXT's "Panorama Pacific" television programs in Hollywood, host Bob Burns after he won a trophy for best costume at the Hollywood Artists and Models Ball, with his Mum-my costume.



"Mad Monster" film shown on SHOCK Theatre. Host Joe Alston, the Werewolf, Bob Burns. KENS-TV-Channel 5, San Antonio, Texas.



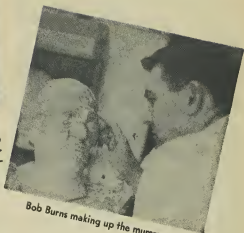
Lionel Comport as "Dr. Ecks," and Bob as "Om, the Alien," in a science fiction comedy movie which they made during high school days.



The South wall of Bob Burns' "Den of Horrors." He is looking at a still from his extensive file of photos from monster movies. A colorful painting of Bela Lugosi hangs on the wall. Atop the file cabinet is a prop used in "Invasion of the Saucer Men."



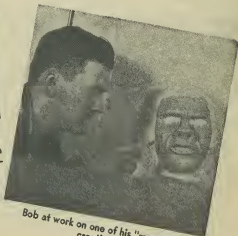
The West wall of his "Den of Horrors," showing Bob's work bench, where he is working on a new Wolfman face. Also seen are more monster stills, a monster mask, a small haunted house and two paintings of the Wolfman, and Werewolf.



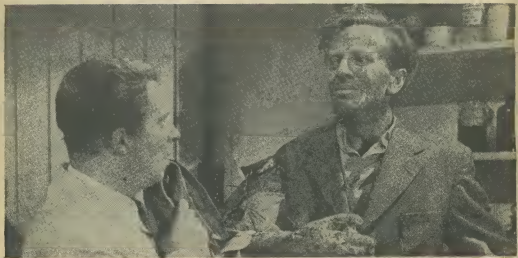
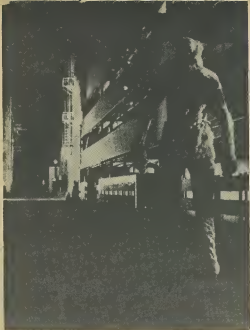
Bob Burns making up the mummy.



On the North wall are some of Bob's monster masks, a couple of his large collection of monster theater posters, and stills from monsters movies, including those autographed by famous monsters.



Bob at work on one of his "monster" creations.



Scenes from Horror films, "CREEPING UNKNOWN" and "SNOW CREATURE", edited by Bob Burns and shown on KNXT, the CBS-TV station in Hollywood.

Long before he built his prize-winning *Mummy*, though, Bob Burns was interested in *monsters*. It all started while he was hanging around the house of a modern-day *Frankenstein*, Ellis Burman, a *master monster* prop-maker for the movies. (Editor's note: *Ellis Burman* was featured in the first issue of *HORROR MONSTERS*).

"I used to go to school with Sonny Burman," Bob recalled. "After school we would go to his dad's shop and watch him make *monsters*. I remember he had a cast of the *monster's* head, and other kinds of *monster* stuff laying around. Sonny and I would ask him questions about how to build *monsters*. I'm sure we used to bother him, but he always answered our questions and sometimes showed us how he worked with rubber and clay."

"I'm still a fan of Mr. Burman's. Right now, he is making *monster* masks to be sold in *magic* and *hobby* stores and I have all the masks he has made to date in my collection. Actually, my *horror* collection began when I saw some stills from *monster* movies in Mr. Burman's shop. I asked Sonny how I could get some."

"He told me they came from the studio publicity departments. I began writing to all the studios that made *monster* films and some of them sent me a few stills. I started my collection with two stills of Boris Karloff, as the *monster*."

About this time, Bob also saw an article in a mechanics magazine, showing how Jack Pierce made up the *Frankenstein monster* for movies. He clipped that for his collection. Then, he began to *haunt* (what else does a *horror* fan do) bookstores, studios and other collectors, trying to obtain more *monsterana*.

He and Lionel Compton, whose family are famous movie animal trainers, wrote, produced, directed, and acted in their own *monster* movie, called, appropriately, "*The Monster*." They also made a science fiction movie, "*The Alien*." By now, Bob was in high school and very much interested in school plays. Not as an actor, but as a makeup man.

The first big makeup job he had was a portent of things to come. John Burroughs High School put on "*Arsenic and Old Lace*," and who was elected to make up "*Jonathan*," the Boris Karloff-like character in the play? Our old friend, Bob Burns, boy *monster* fan.

"I slaved over the makeup, and did it over several times," Bob said. "Even then, I wasn't fully satisfied. After the play, I was down in the dumps. I had almost quit the play, because I didn't think I could bring it off, but the director wouldn't let me. I guess at that moment, after the play, I was about to give up *horror* as a hobby. Then, a drama coach from a Los Angeles University came up to me and complimented me on the makeup job I had done. It was as good as getting a *monster Oscar*."

That was all the push Bob Burns needed to go all out as a *horror* hobbyist. Since his high school days, he has continued to build his *horror* collection. He has become highly skilled in *horror* makeup. He has assisted Paul Blaisdell, an expert prop man, specializing in *monsters* for movies, in building movie props. He also has worked *monster* props in "insert shots" used in *fiend* films.

During his army service in Texas, Bob produced "live" *horror* TV spots for the SHOCK presentations on KENS-TV in San Antonio, Texas. He, and wife Kathy, appeared at the opening and closing of *horror* movies, with host Joe Alston. Bob was the *Village Idiot*, the *Monster*, the *Mummy*, and other repulsive, but lovable characters. Kathy did "*The Bride of Frankenstein*," "*The Weird Woman*," "*Miss Shock*," *hideous* *hags* and *witches*, and equally charming, *female fiends*.

While Bob still is in television, it is out as an actor, but as a film editor. His job is to edit film shown on KNXT. Happily for him, the studio frequently show old *horror* movies and he has the job of editing them to fit TV time schedules.

"It's a shame to take money for that part of the job," Bob laughed. "I get such a kick out of running these old *horror* films and seeing my favorite *monsters* again and again."

Bob never gets tired of seeing *monster* movies, in fact, as part of his *monster* hobby, he tries to see every *monster* or *horror* film which is made. He keeps track of new *horror* films by reading DAILY VARIETY, the show business paper, and through his friends in the movies industry. If he misses a *monster* movie in the theaters, he'll catch it later on TV.

His knowledge of *monsters*, their movies, their characters, their portrayals, and victims is phenomenal, or maybe it should be *fiendomenal*. Where baseball fans, for instance, can tell you the names of all the famous hall players, their teams, their averages, etc., Bob Burns can tell you practically anything you want to know about *monsters*.

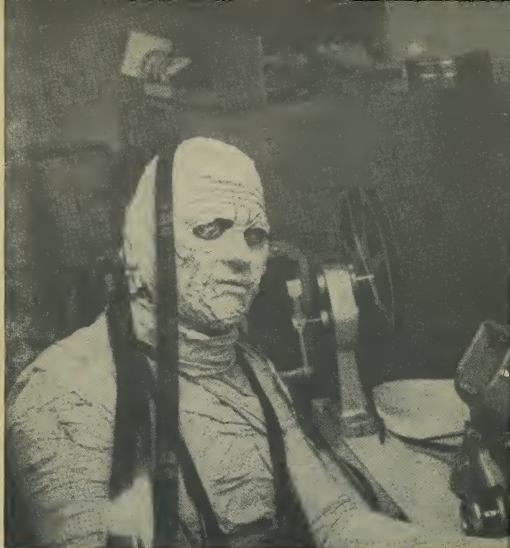
His ability as a makeup artist, as a *monster* prop-maker, and his tremendous knowledge of *monster* movies, has brought him offers to turn professional. He has turned them all down. "It would take all the fun out of it, if I got paid for it," he explained.

Oddly, if he ever does become a professional actor, Bob wants to do it as a comedian. He is a great admirer of comic Jonathan Winters, can do a perfect impersonation of him, and would like to be a funny man as good as Winters, if he ever turns pro.

So, if he ever goes into show business, it will be for laughs and not for lust. With him, it's not *monsters* for money, but *fiends* for fun. *Horror* is his hobby, and he intends to keep it that way.



Bill Daley, as "*Quasimodo*," the hunchback, in a mask made for him by Bob Burns.



Bob Burns, whose hobby is horror, and whose job is that of film editor for television station KNXT in Hollywood, here combines them both, as The Mummy edits film in the KNXT film department. This photo was made after Bob had appeared on KNXT's "Panorama Pacific" show, wearing his Mummy costume. He went directly to work, without removing his costume.

HORROR MONSTERS

presents

THE CAT CREEPS

A Universal Picture (1946)

featuring

Fred Brady

Noah Berry, Jr.

Lois Collier

Rose Hobart

Paul Kelly

Douglas Dumbrille

A suspenseful story of the supernatural! Menace, Mayhem and Murder on an eerie island where a group of characters play a cat and mouse game with death!

As our story opens the owner of a large Florida newspaper is reading a letter he received that morning to his editor, his star reporter, and best photographer, in his office. "Your paper must re-open the investigation of the so-called suicide of Eric Durant. It was murder. Murder for money. They colluded it suicide for lack of evidence. Well, I have your evidence, \$200,000.00 of it. I found it after years of search. I found it with the aid of my faithful cat. My cat that creeps." After putting down the letter, Sampler, the owner of the paper, said to the reporter, "I always had a hunch that Durant cose smelled. Now we have it. Right in our laps."

Sampler informs the reporter, Terry Nichols that he wants him and his photographer, Pig Laurie, to go to Key Towers, and get the story from Coro Williams, a distant and eccentric relation of Wolter Elliot whom Sampler is trying to ruin politically. He picks Terry for the assignment because Terry is in love with Elliot's daughter, Goy, and has an inside track with the family.

Sampler displays a thousand dollar bill that Coro Williams had included in the letter and, by the serial number, they see that the bill had been out of circulation for fifteen years. It had been exactly fifteen years ago that Eric Durant was found dead.



Terry motioned to Pig, who got a picture of Sampler and the editor in a huddle, and Terry informed them, "A great story goes with that picture, boss. The executive board of the 'Chronicle' held their annual convention. As usual, the conference was held under a rug. The meeting was on such a low level, that observers said the rug didn't even show a ripple. When this reporter asked for a statement, the publisher only had this to say, and I quote, 'I'd crucify my own mother if I thought it would pay off' Un-quote."

As Terry and Pig left the office, Sampler grinned and said, "That's my boy!"



Later, Gay Elliot answered the door of their apartment to find Terry leaning against the wall. He told her that he wanted to see her father. When Gay's dad entered the room the reporter explained, "Mr. Elliot, you're in trouble. My paper doesn't think you ought to be senator. The boss prefers his brother-in-law. Mrs. Williams sent the paper a letter. It said Durant was murdered for two hundred thousand dollars. Don't look now, but the upstairs maid is eavesdropping."

He referred to Gay who had just entered. Terry tried to explain that he only took the assignment to try and help her father, but she refused to believe him.

Gay insisted that she wanted the matter cleared up, although her father warned her that there would probably be a scandal and unfavorable publicity, but she insisted. He called his attorney, Tom McCalvey and instructed McCalvey to meet him at his boat and to get in touch with Ken Grady a private detective. As soon as he was hung up the phone, McCalvey informed his secretary, "Locate Ken Grady. I want to see him immediately."

Early that evening, Pig and Terry were hiding in the shadows of the pier overlooking the spot where Elliot's boat was docked.

"What are we waiting for, professor?" asked Pig.

"The first act," answered Terry. "Curtain ought to ring up any minute now. AHH, see? The actors." He motioned to the wharf below them, where they saw Gay, and Walter Elliot, McCalvey and Miss Palmer walk toward the boat.

Just then, another man joined the group and Pig asked, "Hey. Who's that mug?"

"That's Ken Grady," answered Terry. "The Irish Charlie Chan. Strictly a bad penny, that one. He sleeps with one eye open. He can't trust himself."

The two newspaper men then joined the group, who reluctantly took them in the boat.

The group landed on the island, and unknown to them, were seen by Cora Williams.

"There was a light in that upstairs window, when we landed. Maybe Mrs. Williams was frightened by the arrival of so many unbidden guests," offered Terry. "Terry," beckoned Pig. "There may be a story around here somewhere, but these people are getting to be an awful pain in . . ." "There's two hundred thousand dollars bidden around here," replied Terry. "That ought to cure any pain in the neck."

They were about to start toward the house, when Gay stumbled over a tree root and fell into Terry's arms. Making the most of the situation, Terry commented, "Well . . . funny how fate throws people together." But Gay, still not sure of her emotions, pulled away. "That's gratinate for you," remarked Pig. "And I gave her the best hugs of my life," said Terry as he and Pig joined the rest of the group at the front of the house.

"Do you have the keys, Mr. Elliot?" asked Terry. "I have no key to the house," answered Elliot. "I haven't been on this island in years." "What do you suggest we do, Walter?" asked McCalvey. "Well, I think I'll take a look around," replied Elliot. As the group split up, Grady walked directly over to the cellar doors in the rear of the house, opened one, and entered. Elliot, who had insisted that he didn't have a key, removed one from his pocket, and with it opened the side door, entering through it. McCalvey did the same a few moments later.



As soon as he and Pig were alone, Terry turned the knob on the front door and entered. Terry lit an oil lamp as Gay came in.

Meanwhile Cora Williams, still sitting in her chair in her room was startled to see a shadow on the wall. A man entered. As he came closer, she screamed.

"It came from upstairs," stated Gay. Terry ran up stairs, leading the way for Pig and Gay and broke in the door of Cora Williams' room. The body of the old woman lay on the floor.

"Someone got here first," said Terry. "Look Pig, they'll all be in here in a moment to establish their alibis. I want a shot of everybody the instant they see the body." A moment later, Elliot came out of the room next to the victim, stepped down the hall, and entered. McCalvey came out of the room on the other side of the victim's as Grady came out of the shadows in a corner at the top of the stairs, and Miss Palmer came downstairs. Mrs. Williams' black cat snarled when they entered and Miss Palmer screamed at the sight of the animal.

"Why would anyone want to kill a defenseless old woman?" asked Elliot. "That's obvious," answered Terry, "either to force her to reveal the whereabouts of the two hundred thousand, or silence her forever on the Durant murder."

Terry turned to Gay. "Take the boat and go to the mainland. When you bring back a doctor, bring the police back with you."

After Gay had left the group descended to the drawing room where Grady questioned them. "I'm satisfied that Mr. Elliot, Mr. McCalvey and Miss Palmer had nothing to do with it," Grady stated to Terry. "I'm glad you're satisfied," said Terry. "And where did you say you were, Grady?"

"How many times do I have to tell you? I came in through the cellar door." "That means you were in the house first, and would have given you time to get to Mrs. Williams before any of us," Gay came running in through the front door and cried, "The boat, it's on fire!" Through the window they saw the boat burning at the landing.

A short time later, Gay came into the living room to join Terry and Pig. "How is she?" "No better, the poor soul," she answered.

"You saw that skeleton key in your father's hand. You know what that means?" Terry said casually. "It means that you suspect my father." "Until proven otherwise," he replied. "I'll stand by you both. We can see this thing through together." "Sometimes, I think you really want to help us, Terry" she said. "Then again I . . . oh, it's all so mixed up."

A moment later Pig came bursting in, carrying fire wood. "The little summer house by the boat landing, there's a lot of it out there. I'll get some more." Pig left the house and went down to the little summer house. Near the porch he heard a squeak. Then a shoe came out of the darkness and kicked him in the jaw, sending him crashing to the ground. He got to his feet and ran back toward the house.

In the house, Miss Palmer, seated in a chair next to Cora Williams' bed, saw the door slowly open. It was Ken Grady. "What if someone should see you with me?" she asked. "Nobody's going to," he answered. "Did she croak yet?" "No. She's just unconscious." "Did she say anything?" Grady asked.

Just then the old woman began mumbling. "Take down every word she says," ordered the private detective. As the old woman talked, Miss Palmer wrote down her words on the back of one of Grady's cards.







"The money . . . \$200,000.00 . . . little house," "I wonder what she meant by the little house," mused Grady, putting the card into his pocket.

"Let me go with you," Miss Palmer pleaded. "I'll go crazy in this room with the old woman." "First the cat, and now the old woman," he said. "There's two hundred thousand dollars at stake, so you do what I say. Understand?"

Pig came running into the living room, bolding his jaw and excitedly blurted out his story to Terry and Gay. No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than a blood-curdling scream came from upstairs. "Here we go again," said Pig following Terry and Gay. Upon reaching the top of the stairs, they encountered Elliot, McCalvey and Grady who again seemed to appear, from nowhere.

They found Miss Palmer on the floor. Terry got her to her feet and instructed Pig and Gay to take her downstairs. He examined Mrs. Williams and said to the group, "Gentleman, Mrs. Williams will never talk again. Whoever attacked her came back and finished the job."

"I want to know who killed her," said Terry firmly. "That's what we'd all like to know," said Grady. "Well, Miss Palmer was in the room with her all the time, why don't you question her?" suggested McCalvey. "That's a good idea, McCalvey," said Terry, as he led the group out of the room.

"Please let me out of here," pleaded Miss Palmer, sitting on the chair by the fireplace in the living room, "I can't stand it any more." "Take it easy, Miss Palmer," said Terry, "You're alright now. Just tell us what happened."

"When I went over to Mrs. Williams' bed," she began, "she started reaching for me like a cat, clawing. Her eyes . . ." "Did she say anything?" asked the reporter. "Yes she . . ." started the secretary, only to see that Grady was giving her a warning glance. ". . . Yes, but it wasn't very clear. Just then I saw the shadow of a cat. It was creeping towards me. Then . . . as I turned away, I saw a man's shadow on the wall."

She was about to continue when she noticed that a rocking chair on the other side of the room was moving. "Look!" cried Miss Palmer.

The tension was broken by a strange, but beautiful young girl who rose from the chair and walked toward them, holding a black cat in her arms. She spoke in a dialect unknown to them, and then said in English, "Forgive me. My native tongue is strange to you."

"Who are you?" asked Terry. "My name is Cara. I go wherever I am needed," she explained. "Mrs. Williams called to me. I came." "Mrs. Williams is dead!" stated Elliot. "How could a dead woman call you?" asked McCalvey. "There is an explanation, but you would not understand," she answered. "Within this cat is the spirit of my friend, Mrs. Williams," explained Cara.

Cara walked to Miss Palmer, whose eyes widened as the cat came closer. "Get it out of here. It's staring at me. Just like Mrs. Williams, when she was clawing," the secretary cried.

"But why should Miss Palmer be upset about the cat?" asked Cara. "Mrs. Williams loved it. Unless Miss Palmer knows something about . . ." "Stop it!" interrupted Grady, rushing to her side, "You'll drive her crazy." "My people say a murdered soul never rests, until the murderer joins it," said Cara. "Within this cat is the spirit of Mrs. Williams. It will never rest, until her murderer is found."



"You see, I too am guided by the spirit of one who was murdered. Fifteen years ago, on this very island . . ." "Then you're Eric Durant's daughter," stated Terry.

Upon hearing this, Miss Palmer fainted. "Nice going, Cara," said Terry, in a whisper to the strange girl.

After Elliot and McCalvey had gone out for a smoke, Grady went into the room where Miss Palmer was relaxing and said to Gay, "She's alright now. Just a little shock. I'll look after her."

Gay showed her father a business card that she had found in the fireplace, and he read, "The money . . . \$200,000.00 . . . the little house. Where did you find it, Gay?" "By the fireplace," she answered.

Meanwhile the cat entered the room where Miss Palmer was resting and she screamed, "Go away. Go away, or I'll kill you." "Who killed Mrs. Williams?" asked Cara. "I don't know, but I didn't kill her. Please believe me," said the secretary. "But everything points to you," insisted Cara. "Even the cat. The Cat knows . . ." "No, take it away. I'll talk," she screamed. "I didn't kill Mrs. Williams but I know who did." "Come quick," cried Cara to Terry in the hall. Upon re-entering the room, they found that Miss Palmer had vanished.

They rushed over to the spot near the other door, where the secretary had been standing. Terry pulled open the door and on the other side was the body of Miss Palmer. A cry echoed from upstairs and Terry, Pig, McCalvey and Grady ran up to find Elliot in one of the rooms, holding his daughter who had just regained consciousness.

"I came in, and she was lying here on the floor." "Oh, Terry, it was horrible," the girl moaned. "Who was it?" asked her father. "I don't know . . ." she replied. "The card, it's gone."

They talked the situation over in the living room. Grady turned to Cara, "Maybe you can ask the cat why Connie was knocked off, and who did it?" "You forget, Mr. Grady," said Cara, "That just before Miss Palmer died, she made a partial confession . . . because of the cat." She then turned to Elliot and said, "The cat will reveal the guilty one. Until then, death will stalk this house."

Gay meanwhile, mentioned to her father that an old doll house she had left there fifteen years ago may have been what the old woman meant by "Little House." Meanwhile, Terry and Pig, outside, saw a figure open the cellar door and enter quietly. It was a man and he quietly crept under the inside staircase, watching Gay who had just found the doll house. She turned and saw Ken Grady standing on the stairs looking at her with murder in his eyes.

As Grady descended the stairs he saw the doll house. Then the unknown third party reached out through the open steps and grabbed Grady by the ankle, causing him to trip and fall directly onto a pitchfork that had been standing up in a barrel at the foot of the stairs. Gay screamed and turned away. Hearing the scream, Terry and Pig came running. They passed right by the person hiding under the stairs, and went to Gay.

She pointed to Grady's body lying on the floor, but they didn't notice the man, who was hiding under the staircase, dash out the outside cellar door.

"First the old lady, then Miss Palmer and now Grady," said Terry.





A moment later, Elliot came down the stairs from inside the house. "Grady!" gasped McCalvey coming in behind Elliot. "What happened to him?" "When I turned around," explained Gay, "he was coming down the stairs towards me. I'm sure he was going to kill me. And then, suddenly . . . I saw a man's arm come from the stairs and trip him."

"Well, that's solution enough for me," said McCalvey. "All of the evidence in this case from the very beginning pointed to Grady." "Now, wait a minute, McCalvey," said Terry. "Aren't you taking the easy way out? Pinning the murders on a dead man. According to Miss Elliot, there was a third party in this basement."

"Mr. Nicholas is right," agreed Cara. "The cat which has led us here, has not yet pointed to the murderer."

Later, Terry signalled Cara to release the cat again at the cellar door, after a man had entered it through the outside door. The cat ran down the cellar stairs and directly over to the old doll house. The man, seeing this approached the house, but before he could get a chance, encountered Elliot, Terry, Pig, Gay and Cara on the stairs behind him. It was McCalvey.

"Well, McCalvey," said Elliot, "It seems that the long arm of coincidence is now pointing in your direction." "Yes," added Cara, pointing to the cat beside McCalvey's feet. "Follow the cat and you will find the guilty one." "Nobody asked Miss Elliot what she was doing here," replied McCalvey. "Was it the money? Or did she come here because her father asked her to?" "I came here in the hopes of finding something to solve these crimes," answered Gay.

"Exactly why I came here," said McCalvey.

Later, Cara released the cat again and it ran into the room at the left of Mrs. Williams' room. A man followed it into the room. He saw the cat go over to the doll house in the center of the room. He raised his flashlight over his head, in order to strike at the cat, but was halted by Terry. As the beam from the flashlight hit the murderer in the face, Terry saw that it was McCalvey, who immediately attacked him.

McCalvey took out a pistol, when Pig stepped in and kicked him in the jaw, saying, "Now we're even, Mac. Remember the summer house?" In a few moments, they had McCalvey tied in a chair and Terry said, "Okay. If you won't plead your case, at least you'll listen to the prosecution. It all started fifteen years ago. Didn't have clients running for the senate then, did you Mac? No, the newspaper files show that your old clients ran whiskey. In those days, Mac was a mouthpiece for a gang of bootleggers, headed by Durant. He used to unload and pay off." "I'll say it was without my knowledge," said Elliot. "I never even suspected."

"Mac was just a small fry until Durant got two hundred thousand dollars for the big shipment. He killed Durant for the money. He made one mistake. Durant had already hidden the money." "But, Grady! Where does he come in?" asked Elliot. "He must've known Mac killed Durant, and held it over him," Terry explained. "He bled me white," said McCalvey. "He and that Palmer woman. I paid off to them for years. Sure I killed them. I killed them both. I'd have killed the lot of you, too, before I'd lose the money I've waited all these years to get."



Terry then turned to Cara. "Okay, honey, take the boat you came in and get to the mainland. Send back the cops." Pig then ran over to the window, opened it, and walked out on the roof. "Look!" cried Pig, removing money from a bird house on the roof. "Thousand dollar bills. And all the time we thought the money was in the doll house."

"Tell me something Terry," said Elliot, "that trained cat..." "That cat didn't do anything that wasn't perfectly natural!" said Terry. "It just wanted to get to its family."

He opened the doll house to reveal a litter of kittens.

Walter Elliot smiled slyly as Terry took Gay in his arms and kissed her.

THE END

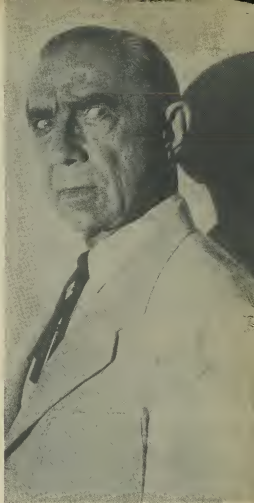
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The true life story of that
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the late, great

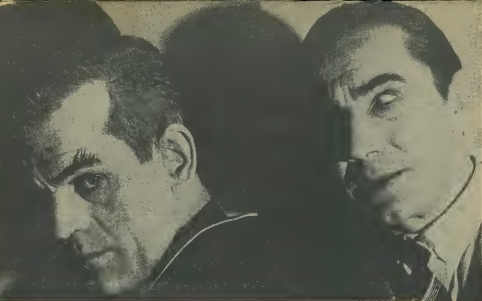
BELA

LUGOSI



The Master of the Macabre without makeup,
in the latter years of his life.

You will read here the facts of a man's life and death. But a man, his being, his life, is more than cold facts; he is the sum total of all that is in his heart and mind, all that he gives, touches and, in passing, changes. Bela Lugosi was many things and had many facets to his character. He was a gentleman and an actor who left behind a rich legacy of characterizations in the film realm of horror and the morbidly supernatural, a legacy which we, his fans, share. And because of this legacy the Master of the Macabre, to us, still lives through the medium of the silver screen and the characterizations he left on film which will never die.



Lugosi and Karloff, old reel and real life friends.

The star and the role that made him famous.
Bela Lugosi as Count Dracula.



Bela Lugosi was born in Lugos, Hungary, on October 20th, 1888. Actually his name was *Bela Lugosi Blasko*. He attended the "Theater Arts Academy" in Budapest.

On the New York stage he appeared in such productions as: *"The Red Poppy"*, *"The Devil In The Arabesque"*, *"Open House"*, *"The Devil In The Cheetah"*, and the play that was to make his name a byword throughout the world, Bram Stoker's eerie tale of the super-natural, *"DRACULA"*.

He began his film career in 1915, and made his first American film, *"The Silent Command"* for Fox Pictures in 1923. His first talking picture was *"Prisoners"* in 1929, followed by *"Wild Company"*, for Fox in 1930.

Then came his major success, *"Dracula"* for Universal, in which he recreated the role of the Vampire which he had made famous on the stages of the world. This was in 1931, and in that same year, like so many great artists, he made his first mistake. Universal offered him the role of the monster in *"Frankenstein"*, but he turned it down. Many reports were published at the time as to his reason for refusing the part. One report stated that the make-up was too uncomfortable. But the truth is that it wasn't a speaking role, and the Hungarian thespian was extremely proud of his fine voice. So, the part was given to an unknown actor who had never played a horror role. His name was Charles Edward Frazit, better known to the world today as *Boris Karloff*.

In 1932, Lugosi made films for many studios; United Artists, *"Chandu, The Magician"* for Fox, and *"Murders In The Rue Morgue"* for Universal. In 1933, he did a single for Paramount, *"Island Of Lost Souls."* It took time for his career to mature and it seemed that he was destined to work always in horror films.



Again as the Vampire.

The following year, he signed up with Universal, to co-star with Karloff in one production per year. The first that year was *"The Black Cat,"* later retitled, for Metro Goldwyn Mayer, *"Mark of the Vampire."*

Then came *"The Raven"* in 1935, after which Universal released him from his contract to make a single for Metro Goldwyn Mayer, *"Mark of the Vampire."* He returned to Universal for *"The Invisible Ray"* in 1936. He did *"The Thirteenth Chair"* for M.G.M., then came back to the Universal lot to fulfill the remainder of his contract.

In 1938, he co-starred with Karloff, Basil Rathbone and Lionel Atwill in the biggest and longest of the Frankenstein series, *"Son Of Frankenstein,"* the running time of which hit the 90 minute mark. In this film, he created the role of Ygor, who had been hanged for helping the original Dr. Frankenstein steal bodies, but lived, his neck twisted and deformed by the ordeal.

In 1940, he co-starred with Karloff for the last time in *"Black Friday,"* in which he played the role of a gangster, rather than a horror character. His roles in some of the other films prior to that were that of Dr. Vollin, in *"The Raven,"* Dr. Benet, in *"The Invisible Ray,"* and he turned out to be a hero in *"The Black Cat."*

During those years he also played in many serials including *"Whispering Shadow"* in 1933, *"Shadow Of Chinatown,"* *"S.O.S. Coast Guard,"* and *"The Phantom Creeps"* for Universal in 1939.

After 1940, Karloff left Universal but Lugosi remained, and played opposite Lon Chaney, *"The Wolfman"* in 1941, and in the same year, had emoted in a different version of the *"Black Cat."* He had traveled to Europe the year before to make *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*.



Bela in "The Vanishing Body" (formerly the "Black Cat") also starring Boris Karloff.



As Dr. Miracle, in Universal's 1932 version of Edgar Allan Poe's tale of the macabre, "THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE."



Monster," and upon returning did "The Saints Double Trouble" and "You'll Find Out," for R.K.O. He was starred in, "Invisible Ghost," and "Spooks Run Wild" for Monogram, as well as in a single for PRC, "The Devil Bat."

Continuing with Universal, the major producer of horror successes at that time, he played the part of a sinister butler in "Night Monster," and returned as Ygor, in "The Ghost Of Frankenstein," in 1942. That same year he lent his thespian abilities to "The Corpse Vanishes," "Bowery At Midnight," and "Black Dragons" for Monogram.

In 1943, he did "The Ape Man," and "Ghosts On The Loose," also for Monogram, then accepted the role he had refused twelve years ago as the Frankenstein monster in Universal's double header, "Frankenstein Meets The Wolfman," in which he again co-starred with Lon Chaney.

He left Universal in 1944 and went back to Monogram, which that year produced with the star, "Return Of The Ape Man," and "Voodoo Man," both of which co-starred John Carradine and George Zucco. Then he switched to Columbia, who entered the horror film field by using him in a role very similar to "Dracula," in "Return Of The Vampire." Before the end of that year he returned to R.K.O., who again cast him as a butler in a comedy-mystery, "One Body Too Many."



Lugosi as Eduardo, in the 1941 version of Edgar Allan Poe's, "THE BLACK CAT". He also starred, but as the hero, in Universal's earlier version, opposite Karloff, in 1934.



Remaining with R.K.O., he encountered two of his co-stars of the early days, who had also joined R.K.O.! He played with Karloff in 1945, in *"The Body Snatcher,"* and with Lionel Atwill in *"Zombie On Broadway,"* and *"Gevins At Work"* in 1946. Both were butler roles, and both pictures were comedies. In 1947, he made his first attempt at a color film, with Screen Guild in, *"Scared To Death,"* co-starring George Zucco.

In 1948, he appeared in *"Abbott & Costello Meet Frankenstein"* for Universal, in which he recreated the role of *Dracula* once again, playing opposite his old friend of fiend films, *Lon Chaney, Jr.*

On April 23, the film world was shocked to learn that Bela Lugosi had had himself committed to the Metropolitan State Hospital in a desperate attempt to cure himself of the narcotics habit. He later revealed the fact that he had been a drug addict for twenty years, using narcotics to control excruciating back pains which would have kept him from the work he loved and ended his career on stage and screen.

After a long determined struggle to break the habit, he was released from the hospital the following August, completely cured and, being the type of man he was, he did his best to do what the world thought impossible, make a comeback. Shortly after, he married Hope Lininger, a clerk in a studio cutting room. Over a period of twenty years she had written him fan letters and continued them all during his hospitalization. When he left the hospital he asked to see her and they were married after a short courtship.

Lugosi formed his own company and made some films to prove he could come back, just as his character *Dracula* did in fiction and on the screen. He made *"The Bride Of The Monster,"* then co-starred with *Lon Chaney, Basil Rathbone,* and *John Carradine,* three old friends in *"The Black Sheep."* Again he played a butler, a mute this time. His last film was *"Plan-9, Outer Space,"* which is currently playing throughout the country.

Off the screen Bela Lugosi's character and way of life were directly opposite to the roles which had made him famous. He was a very kind and gentle man whose two great fears were cats and death itself.

After Lugosi's death, his friend *John Carradine* was asked if the Hungarian lived the part of *Dracula* off camera. *Carradine* shook his lean head and replied, "No, he never believed he was really a vampire. He was a craftsman. I'd known him for twenty-five years. He was a gentleman . . . a considerate and kind gentleman! As for the parts we both played, he was the better vampire. He had a fine pair of eyes!"

He was a great reader, a stamp collector and an excellent conversationalist. "He was a brilliant man, with a great vocabulary. When he spoke, you felt like listening!" was the comment made by actor *Paul Marble,* who acted in Lugosi's last two films.

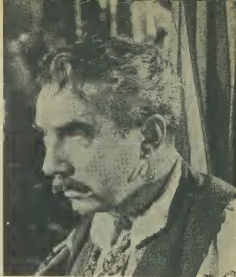
Mrs. Lugosi (the fifth Mrs. Lugosi) said that he was actually afraid of her. She also commented that he was always acting even off stage. Every evening, when he'd finish his repast, he would kiss her hand and say, "That was truly a marvelous dinner!" Lugosi was quoted as once remarking, "I played every type of role in Budapest, but here they only think I can scare children."

In the thirties, when Lugosi was a huge success, he had a mansion, two cars and a very sizeable bank account. Then, because of British censorship of American horror films, he was out of work in 1937. However, in 1941, when *Lon Chaney's* appearance in horror films started the trend all over again, things began to look better for Lugosi.

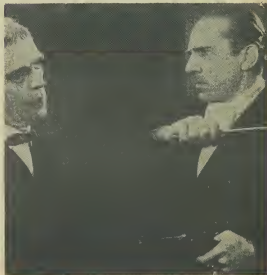
He was quite prosperous for awhile but, after his disappearance in 1948, his prosperity vanished. By the time he had admitted himself to the hospital in 1952, he said that he had only eaten those last few weeks through the generosity of friends.

In his bloody and eerie screen career, he starred in over 63 horror movies and over the years killed more than 300 characters on film. Even in death, Lugosi seemed to have some sort of supernatural power. His funeral will be discussed in whispers for a long time to come. In California, because of the heavy traffic, a funeral procession never goes up Hollywood Blvd. on its way to Holy Cross Cemetery. The policy has always been that it travel on LaBrea Blvd.! However, Lugosi loved Hollywood Blvd., and used to walk it often. Maybe that was the reason for the strange occurrence. No one really knows. But as the hearse left the mortuary, the wheels turned, as though guided by an unknown hand, and Bela Lugosi moved down Hollywood Blvd. for the last time.

So, Bela Lugosi, attired even in death in the black cape which was the trademark of his greatest success, *"Dracula,"* said "Good-bye" to the street and the profession he loved so well.



As Bela, the fortune teller, also a werewolf in the 1941 original. In this film, he inflicted the wound on *Lon Chaney* that gained him movie fame.



Bela Lugosi as Dr. Vollin, threatens *Karloff,* as Bateman, an escaped killer disguised by him, in this scene from Universal's *"THE RAVEN"* in 1935.



Bela Lugosi, playing the role he refused in favor of Karloff 12 years earlier as the Frankenstein monster, is shown here with Lon Chaney, as the Wolfman, in Universal's 1943 production of "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN."



THANKS

To all you lovely people who made this
lovely magazine lovely.

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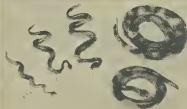
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LIFE-LIKE RUBBER SNAKES

Choose the amazingly life-like rubber snake that suits your fancy. Five different sizes, as follows:

- #102 — 48 in. long — \$9.95
- #103 — 30 in. long — \$2.95
- #104 — 25 in. long — \$1.79
- #105 — 20 in. long — \$1.00
- #106 — 13 in. long — \$.75

RUSH ORDER TODAY!

MONSTER MAILMAN, Dept. 2-284
CHARLTON BLDG.
DERBY, CONN.

No C. O. D.'s

Please send me the item (s) checked below:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spasm Mask | <input type="checkbox"/> Jumping Lizard |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gargle Mask | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake #102 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ubbi Mask | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake #103 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crazel Mask | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake #104 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cavenon Mask | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake #106 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dripping Dagger Kit | <input type="checkbox"/> Rubber Snake #108 |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Six-Fingered Hand |

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MONSTER MAILMAN

TRICK CIGARS

Great new variation of the old exploding cigar. A special steel spring is released upon contact with heat causing the cigar to fly apart in shreds. Absolutely harmless! Guaranteed to work!
4 FOR ONLY \$1.00



Atomic Smoke Bomb

Safe — harmless — and loads of fun! Just light one and watch a huge cloud of billowy smoke puff upward like an Atom Bomb. Great for stage shows, smoking out vampire bots, etc.
5 FOR ONLY \$1.00

Phony Bottle Opener

It looks like a real bottle opener — but wait! It they try using it! The sturdy rubber end bends just enough to drive 'em nuts. A sure laugh-getter.
ONLY 50c



CHOCOLATE-COVERED RUBBER DOUGHNUT

Next time you're at the bakery, slip one of these in the bag. It looks like a luscious chocolate-covered doughnut, feels like one — even smells like one. But take a bite, and "ugh!" Guaranteed to survive even the strongest set of teeth!
ONLY 75c



FAKE HAMMER



A hair-raising stunt when worked correctly! Realistic, foot-long rock hammer is practically weightless — but who can tell as it flies through the air? Sturdy grained handle! Safe rubber head!

ONLY \$1.00



SPOOK SHOW IN YOUR PARLOR

These ten suggested black-out stunts by one "Master-of-Screamers!" Wilton W. Lanes are guaranteed to make your hair stand on end. Easily adapted to parlor, club or small platform. Easy-to-follow instructions show you how to use everyday materials as props. The greatest for parties and shows! Sure to scare the living daylights out of everyone!

ONLY \$1.00

WIGGLING BUG IN A BOX

A huge, horrible-looking, fuzzy bug that actually wiggles when you open the box! Long antennae, scaly face, ugly red eyes. Comes with a clip, so you can wear it to check your friends.



ONLY 50c



WHOOPI!

Place this disgusting mess of plastic in the bath room, near the refrigerator, on a rug — anywhere! Watch the fun begin when your guests try to figure out who got sick. Great at parties, banquets, conventions, etc.

ONLY \$1.00

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BOX 216
PALISADES PARK, N.J.

NO C.O.D.'s

- ☐ 4 Exploding Cigars
☐ Phony Bottle Opener
☐ Atomic Smoke Bomb
☐ Rubber Doughnut

- ☐ Whoopee!
☐ Bug in a Box
☐ Spook Show in Parlor
☐ Fake Hammer

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MONSTER MAILMAN

SUPER SPECIALS



Super Gorilla



Super Cave Man

Here are two superbly-fashioned Full Head Masks — the finest money can buy! Both Gorilla and Cave Man look like they just escaped (from where we don't know). Highest quality rubber, long hair, fine detail.

ONLY \$6.95 EACH



GORILLA RUBBER FEET

Every gorilla would be proud to own a pair of these hairy, atrocious-looking feet! They fit easily over the average shoe — or you can wear them on your bare feet and tickle everyone, including yourself.

ONLY \$3.95 PER PAIR



MR. NO-BODY

A ghastly, huge (20-inch) skeleton that you can jiggle on a string. Strong rubber construction. Make him dance. Perfect for auto, den, gift, etc.

ONLY \$1.00



HORRIBLE BLOODY HAND



An over-sized, sickening - green rubber hand, complete with long, pointed nails. Shake hands with your friends and watch what happens! Lean it outside the window of a moving car . . . you'll stop traffic!

ONLY \$2.95



THE UNHOLY SIX MASK-WIGS

Can you picture a six-headed poker game looking like this? These full-head disguises, made of rubber and cananese hair, are from out of this world — which is where they belong. Guaranteed shockers!

ONLY \$4.95 EACH

RUSH ORDER TODAY!

MONSTER MAILMAN, Dept. J-304
CHARLTON BLDG.
DERBY, CONN.

No C.O.D.'s

Please send me the item (s) checked below:

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Super Gorilla | <input type="checkbox"/> Unholy #1 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Super Cave Man | <input type="checkbox"/> Unholy #2 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mr. No-Body | <input type="checkbox"/> Unholy #3 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Horrible Bloody Hand | <input type="checkbox"/> Unholy #4 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gorilla Rubber Feet | <input type="checkbox"/> Unholy #5 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Disguise Kit | <input type="checkbox"/> Unholy #6 |

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DISGUISE KIT

ONLY \$3.95

You'll be a one-man prop department with this complete — yet compact — disguise kit! False moustaches, beards, teeth, ears . . . the whole works. No horror fan should be without one!



MONSTER MAILMAN

GIANT IGUANA

This huge, 21-inch realistic-looking iguana weighs **ONE FULL POUND**. It's a sickly, greenish-black color. One look — and they'll scream with fright!

ONLY \$2.98



GRUESOME TWOSOME

Disaster Victim



Grave Digger

Be ready for sudden emergencies with this deathly-looking Grave Digger Full Head Mask. Made of quality rubber, complete with hair, wrinkles, sunken eyes, etc. And what better partner than the Disaster Victim headgear, with its "bloody bandages", broken teeth and agonized grimace?

ONLY \$2.98 EACH



RUBBER MONSTER HANDS

The perfect "touch" for the perfect monster, these horrible hands are guaranteed to make 'em jump! Realistic gory wounds and ghastly claws will curdle the blood of the timid.

ONLY \$3.95 PER PAIR



CRUSHED FINGER

Made of fine, life-like rubber, this swollen, battered "sore finger" is a sure attention-getter. Standard equipment for carpenters.

ONLY \$1.50



GORY MONSTER FEET

You'll cause panic every time you wear these hideously colored, deformed monster feet. They're giant size (for giant laffs) and slip on easily right over your shoes. Stomp your way to gory glory!

ONLY \$2.95 PER PAIR



Vampire



Mummy



Cyclops



Pirate



Devil



Skull



Witch



Monster

DE LUXE OVER-TOP MASKS

They'll shudder and shriek when you walk in wearing one of these **SUPER DE LUXE** masks that fits over the top of your head. The greatest for masquerade parties, dances, shows . . . or just to scare 'em out of their wits.

ONLY \$1.49 EACH

MAIL EASY ORDER BLANK NOW!

MONSTER MAILMAN, Dept. J-2814
CHARLTON BLDG.
DERBY, CONN.

(No C.O.D.'s)

Please send me the item (s) checked below:

- ☐ Mummy Mask
☐ Cyclops Mask
☐ Pirate Mask
☐ Devil Mask
☐ Skull Mask
☐ Witch Mask
☐ Monster Mask

- ☐ Giant Iguana
☐ Grave Digger
☐ Disaster Victim
☐ Monster Hands
☐ Monster Feet
☐ Crushed Finger
☐ Vampire Mask

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The Fantastic, Macabre Art Work of
Joseph Krucher, "The Bela Lugosi of the Brush"
GIANT 8"x10" SIZE — 6 FOR \$1.00

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**YOU GET THESE
SIX GHASTLY GLOSSIES:**

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5. "Man Becomes Werewolf"
6. "The Vampire Bat Attacks"

ORDER YOURS NOW!

WEIRD DRAWINGS, Dept. HMR-4 (No C.O.D.'s)

CHARLTON BUILDING

DEERY, CONN.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is \$1.00 (cash, check, money order).
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NIGHTMARE, ANYONE?

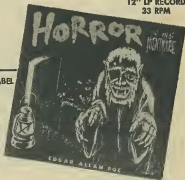
12" LP RECORD
33 RPM



You've heard of records in a humorous vein? — Well, this album can only be called **HORROR** IN A JUGULAR VEIN. A frightening narration from the stories of the old master of horror himself — Edgar Allan Poe. "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM" is tough enough on your nerves, but wait until you hear "THE TELL-TALE HEART!"

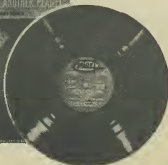
#M-36 — ONLY \$1.98
(plus 25¢ postage and handling)

12" LP RECORD
33 RPM



A CLASSIC TALE OF TERROR spoken from the heart (with the right kind of background music, at corpse). The idea of hearing this narrative in your own home is enough to scare you out at your wits! Put the lights out and have your blood curdled by the tale of **THE BLACK CAT**, written by Edgar Allan Poe. It's **HORRIFIC!**

#M-37 — ONLY \$2.98
(plus 25¢ postage and handling)



Now you can hear the amazing, authentic, **ACTUAL MUSIC FROM THE PLANET SATURN**, plus a narrative by **HOWARD MENDER**, noted lecturer and author on outer space flying objects, and persons from other planets with whom he has spoken. This LP comes in a jacket which shows actual photographs of outer space aircraft. **THE ONE AND ONLY SPECTACULAR, SENSATIONAL RECORD OF ITS KIND!**

#M-34 — ONLY \$4.98
(plus 25¢ postage and handling)

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CLIP THIS COUPON

USE A 5 ORDER BLANK

MAIL TODAY!

Please Rush Me The Following Long-Playing Albums:

- ☐ **NIGHTMARE** \$1.98 Plus 25¢ Postage and Handling
☐ **HORROR** \$2.98 Plus 25¢ Postage and Handling
☐ **Authentic Music** \$4.98 Plus 25¢ Postage and Handling

I Enclose \$..... ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER
 (Distributed Nationally By Discamer's Group, 650 6th Ave., N.Y.C. 66)

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CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.

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MONSTER MAILMAN

MAD BUTTONS



The new regel Huge 3 1/4-inch badges have 3rd-dimensional, colorful sculptured monsters with comical beatnik sayings. Can be worn on clothes or posted onto cars, note-books, walls, etc. Choice of Mummy, Vampire Lady, Werewolf, Frankenstein Monster, Dracula or "Zomb-beatnik".

ANY 3 FOR ONLY \$1.50
(No single orders, please)

"Hypo-Phony"



Looks like a genuine hypo — but it's fake! The needle disappears as though it's penetrating the skin; comes complete with its own "blood". Unlimited fun possibilities.

ONLY \$1.50



it wiggles, squirms, coils...

SNAKEY SAM

Think of it! Your own pet snake that squirms and wiggles in live action as you hold it by the tail. Made of realistic plastic links that can be taken apart to double — or even triple — "Snokey Sam's" length! Ugh!

ONLY \$1.95



This will flobbergost everyone who sees it in action! Mr. Bones is a realistic skull made of white plastic. Wind it up, set it down — then watch the teeth chatter and the skull move weirdly about.

ONLY \$1.95



HEART-THROB

Throb away to your heart's content with your own "Tell-Te Heart"! Thumping plastic heart, imprinted "My Heart Beats For You", has spring motor, fits easily into pocket, under coat or can be pinned on clothing. Has on and off switch.

ONLY \$1.95

SPOOK HAND

Attach to any door

BATHROOM CLOSET DOOR HEADING BEDROOM ENTRANCE DOOR ETC. ALSO



Weird! Astonishing! Great for a million laughs! Flesh-colored plastic hand attaches to any door, appliance, cabinet, table-top, car-trunk, etc. Everyone will wonder "who got tropped inside". Sensational eerie effect!

ONLY \$1.50

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MONSTER MAILMAN, Dept MM-2
BOX 216
PALISADES PARK, N. J.

(No C.O.D.'s)

Please send me the item (s) checked below:

(Note: Any 3 Buttons \$1.50, Any 6 Buttons \$3.00)

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mummy Button | <input type="checkbox"/> Hypo-Phony |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vampire Lady Button | <input type="checkbox"/> Mr. Bones |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Werewolf Button | <input type="checkbox"/> Heart-Throb |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein Button | <input type="checkbox"/> Snakey Sam |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dracula Button | <input type="checkbox"/> Spook Hand |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Zomb-beatnik" Button | |

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MONSTER MAILMAN



MONSTER FINGER NAILS

Why bother to grow your own when you can have a full set of ugly, pointed MONSTER FINGER NAILS? They're safe, light in weight, slip on or off easily and come in an assortment of ghastly colors!

**COMPLETE SET OF 10
ONLY 50¢**

Order several sets and turn your whole neighborhood into a vampire nest!



FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER MASK

It's easy to be a monster with this professional mask that pulls over the entire head! Hand-crafted of the best latex rubber and carefully hand-decorated in sickening green with lacerations, crude stitches — all the famous markings of this noted no-good-nick!

ONLY \$3.25



GIANT 10-FOOT INFLATABLE BOA CONSTRICTOR

This green and black giant is as thick as your arm! Hold it up, and it wiggles like a snake; put it down, and it automatically coils itself up! You can wrap it around yourself for laughs — or use it to keep afloat when you go swimming. Made of heavy, leak-resistant rubber. Inflates and deflates in a jiffy!

ONLY \$2.98



BEATNIK MASK 'N' BEARD

Be the laugh of the party with this amazingly life-like Beatnik Mask, complete with Mustache and Movable Beard. Expertly fashioned in France in realistic flesh-tones.

ONLY \$1.49

MAD-MOVING 3-D MASK

There's fun for all with these weird and wacky perpetual animation masks. The eye-brows, eyes — the whole upper face — move and change with every nod of the head. Unique "permoscol" vinyl construction, in ghostly colors, ready to wear.

ONLY \$1.49 EACH



WEREWOLF



DEVIL



FRANKENSTEIN



MR. FOUR-EYES



BEATNIK KITS

(Male or Female)



Dig these crazy outfits! Male kit includes: Authentic French Beret, Foot-Long Cigarette Holder, Beatnik Glasses, Beard and Mustache. Female kit includes: Authentic French Beret, Full Head Wig, Foot-Long Cigarette Holder, Huge False Eye-Lashes and Beatnik Glasses. Everything you chicks and kots need to be a real cool Beatnik!

ONLY \$4.98 PER SET

RUSH ORDER BLANK TODAY!

MONSTER MAILMAN, Dept. J-4114 (No C.O.D.'s)
CHARLTON BLDG., DERBY, CONN.

Please rush me the item (s) checked below:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein Monster Mask | <input type="checkbox"/> Devil Moving Mask |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boa Constrictor | <input type="checkbox"/> Frankenstein Moving Mask |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Monster Finger Nails | <input type="checkbox"/> Mr. Four-Eyes Moving Mask |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Beatnik Mask 'N' Beard | <input type="checkbox"/> Male Beatnik Kit |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Werewolf Moving Mask | <input type="checkbox"/> Female Beatnik Kit |

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SO HERE THEY ARE!!

GIANT 8"x10" GLOSSY PHOTOS *of your* **ALL-TIME FAVORITE MONSTERS**

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**ONLY \$1.00
for all six**



- **FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER**
- **WOLF MAN**
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- **COUNT DRACULA**
- **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**
- **THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**

RUSH ORDER NOW!

MONSTER PHOTOS, Dept. MPH-4
CHARLTON BUILDING
DERRY, CONN.

No C.O.D.'s

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is \$1.00 (cash, check, money order).
Please rush my 6 FIENDISH PHOTOS.

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Horror Monsters # 4 (1962)

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